

With the 'Thane of Cawdor, the writer of this article might say, whilst he was Dunkeld, "So foul and fair a day I have not seen," for it was one of incessant rain to veil the enchantments of the scene, or to restrain his steps in quest of them; never wildly devious walk" more delightful than that which he took alone, on the banks of the silent, solemn, and sequestered paths that he had ever trodden. The freshness of the river, the noble aspect of the hills, presenting new features at every winding of the sober purple, or the deepest azure, filled his mind with admiration and delight, undisturbed except what was here and there afforded by a solitary corn-field, with its sheaves of cottage, perched at some angle of a rock. As he retraced his steps, the grey towers bosomed in woods, and overhung by lofty hills purpled with heath, the few houses of it, and the broad river, winding along the valley, with its majestic, though modern which nothing could have prevented him from sketching but the torrents of rain, the sketch illegible; and which nothing could have consoled him for leaving, without, at but the hope that he should at some future period revisit it, under circumstances lengthened contemplation of its beauties, which their variety and richness deserved.

### PLATE III.—THE SYCAMORE AT BISHOPSTON

The soil of Scotland seems particularly favourable to the Sycamore, which grows here wearing an undaunted aspect, and throwing out its bold arms, as if in defiance of the skies.

The Sycamore at Bishopston in Renfrewshire, is the property of Sir John Maxwell. It is a spreading tree, twenty feet in circumference at the ground, about sixty feet in height, and of a hundred and twenty feet of solid timber. It stands on the banks of the Clyde, on the insulated rock of Dumbarton rises in solitary majesty, crowned with its strong fortress, weak piping times of peace," but once deemed the "Key of Scotland," and still excites as the place where Wallace, that hero dear alike to the sober page of history, and the poet, was delivered up to his enemies by the treachery of a pretended friend.

### PLATE IV.—THE WYCH ELMS AT POLKELLY

This graceful group of Wych Elms stands on the banks of the river Cart, at Polkelly, beneath the site of the castle formerly occupied by the ancestors of Sir John Maxwell, proprietor, (and, since the forfeiture of the Earl of Nithsdale, chief of the family of the middle of the thirteenth century. As they are opposite to a row of trees of the same kind, nearly all decayed, it may be presumed that they are of considerable antiquity. The stand is fraught with interesting recollections, lying between Crookstone Castle, the ruins of the field of Langside, and adjoining the ancient Roman camps of Northwood and Crookstone.

The principal tree in this group is of extraordinary health and vigour, and does not show any appearance of decay; it is completely covered with foliage, and its leaves, instead of being small and thin, as in the case of old trees, are large and luxuriant; it still sends forth its tribute of new shoots, and continues to increase both in height and girth. In 1812, it was ten feet ten inches in height from the ground; in 1824, it measured eighteen feet one inch in circumference at the base, and eleven feet ten inches at five feet from the ground: its height is eighty-eight feet, and its circumference at six feet from the ground is sixty-nine feet of solid timber.